THE WASP.

By Robert Ruſticoat, Eſquire.

Vol. I.] *"To laſh the Raſcals naked through the world."* [No. 6.

HUDSON, AUGUST 30, 1802.

FOR THE WASP.

COMMUNICATION.

THE democratic printers are altogether at a loſs what to do with James Thompſon Callender, author of "The Proſpect Before us," a book written with great ability, and much more wickedneſs—reviling not only Adams and Hamilton, but even Waſhington himſelf—and that not during Waſhington's life only, but even after his death. For writing this book, Jefferſon gave him one hundred dollars *cash*. They find their philoſopher in a terrible pickle. In '97 he praiſed Adams to the ſkies, in a little inaugural ſpeech he made before the Senate as Vice-Preſident—told the Senate, with a face the devil himſelf could not aſſume, that he ſincerely prayed no accident might call him to the preſident's chair, which had been juſtly confided to the great and good man (Mr. Adams) whoſe talents and integrity had been known by him through a long courſe of years, and of whoſe friendſhip he felt proud. Mark now—in '98 he pays Callender a hundred dollars for writing a book in which this great and good man is called a murderer, a hoary headed incendiary—in ſhort, Callender endeavors throughout to prove him the greateſt blockhead and villain in America! Waſhington ſhares the ſame fate, if not worſe—for Callender, in his way, proves him a traitor, &c. &c. One hundred dollars reward! Will the reader turn to that inaugural ſpeech of 1801, and ſee how this incarnate ſpeaks of Waſhington. There he makes him a demi-god—having already paid Callender for making him a devil. Such is the plain ſtate of the caſe. Will the word "hypocrite" deſcribe this man? There is not ſtrength enough in the term. Perhaps Mr. Jefferſon is beſt deſcribed by a little of his own ſweet language. An *infuriated man ſeeking through (the) blood and ſlaughter of other men's fame, the long deſired Preſidency.* —Hot gall was poured upon the aſhes of the immortal Waſhington, and to this wretch it was luxury to ſnuff the rich incenſe. Language fails here. When will the people open their eyes. When will they learn that the ſweeteſt talker—he who is continually trying to perſuade them, that he, and he alone, is almoſt perfection—when will they learn that ſuch an one is the deadlieſt of hypocrites? When will they learn—to diſpiſe theſe word-mongers—to deteſt theſe magicians of the infernal?

FOR THE WASP.

COMMUNICATION.

"Heaven and earth! with what abrupt, with what
"terrible, with what over-whelming juſtice, does the
"hand of God ſometimes ſhatter the bulwarks of fraud
"and burſt open the brazen doors of hypocriſy."

RECORDER.

IN the laſt number of the Waſp, the very juſtification which the democrats now offer for the deteſtible conduct of their preſident, was examined in language warm, but not indecent. Callender was admitted to be all that his quondam patrons now declare him; and the excuſes of the democrats were placed in a juſt point of view. If any ſhould think thoſe remarks too pointed, too ſevere, the only apology I will offer is this:—I love my country—I am attached to her independence—I love all thoſe who braved the dangers of thoſe days, in which that independence was planted, reared and matured. Above all, I love and reverence the memory of that departed patriot, to whoſe bravery, to whoſe unequalled diſcretion, to whoſe magnanimous, and diſintereſted conduct, more than to that of any other, we are, under heaven, indebted for our freedom, our happineſs, and all our bleſſings. It was not my happy

lot, to ſhare with him the dangers of the field—to behold him, active and enterprizing, in thoſe days big with the fate of freedom and America. But I have heard from my father, from his aged companions in glory, the great deeds which he performed. I have read of his achievments in our ſtruggle for liberty. I have witneſſed his greatneſs and his purity in the cabinet. With my mother's milk I imbibed for him love, reverence and gratitude—and reflection has rivetted thoſe affections in my ſoul. I cannot boaſt the maturity of age. But I have lived long enough to ſee the vile verſatility of the human character. I have lived to ſee that patriot, who, while on earth, was reverenced, loved and reſpected by all, as the ſaviour of his country, now that he is departed, vilified, and moſt groſsly ſlandered, by the tools of an aſpiring rival.—And I have lived to ſee thoſe very men, who now fatten on the productions of his toils and dangers, rack their inventions for veils, palliatives and arguments to excuſe, juſtify and cover from deteſtation his malignant ſlanderers. I appeal to thoſe who have viewed the career of Waſhington, who have beheld every action of his life—is there any ground, is there any colour of pretence for thoſe cruel aſperſions? Was your Waſhington indeed "a robber, a perjurer, a traitor?" Have you one ſpark of humanity, one particle of gratitude, and yet will you tolerate ſuch barefaced violations of truth and decency? Will you ſay that any language too warm, any epithets too ſevere can be applied to thoſe who thus accuſe him? No—if a man, to gratify ambition and avarice, will trample on all the principles of decency, honeſty, morality and religion—if he will ſupport and reward thoſe, whoſe vocation it is to ſport with truth and murder character—if he will treat Duane, dine with Ceeetham, and pay Callender, for aſſaſſinating the reputation of Waſhington, is there any law, divine or human, which does not warrant, nay demand, the keeneſt cenſures, the ſevereſt puniſhment? Has not Mr. Jefferſon done all this? Is any one weak enough to doubt it? It does not reſt on Callender's word. He points out the very man who paid him the money. This man is a relation of Mr. Jefferſon, and a democrat. Is it to be ſuppoſed, that, if the charge is falſe, this relation of Mr. Jefferſon would be ſilent? That he would not ſhut the mouths of all, by a prompt and public denial? This he has not done—Nay! the *Examiner*, a paper under the peculiar patronage of Mr. Jefferſon, printed in the town where Callender lives, expreſsly admits the truth of the accuſation. Duane, Cheetham, Smith, and the whole hoſt of democratic editors, plead *guilty*. Is not the inference irreſiſtible that it is true? And when we hear our own democrats ſtill continue to doubt or deny, ought we to condemn their brazen impudence, or pity their unbounded ſtupidity?

ANTI-CALUMNIATOR.

I OFTEN obſerve thoſe democratic editors, whoſe nerves are tremulous and intellects a little weakly, aping the arts of ſome able editors to the ſouthward. While they are quaking for fear in their cloſets, they direct their boys to hang out the bloody flag to their opponents. Thus Mitchell, a few weeks ſince, dreſſed up a man of ſtraw: called him a correſpondent, and then, with dauntleſs bravery, informed him that he ſhould reſerve the hiſtory of "*a deſerted parſon turned printer*," which he had ſent him, till ſome more proper opportunity. And Holt would make us believe, that the Queries to Mr. G-n-r, are withheld through an averſion to notice the "little thing." But, ye twin-brothers in iniquity, what do you expect from this manoeuvre? Do you think that ROBERT RUSTICOAT, Eſquire, is to be diverted from his object by ſuch miſerable little arts? only ſee how eaſily I can pay you in kind:—"The hiſtory of the remarkable converſion of a little limber limb of the law, "from the light of federaliſm, to the darkneſs of democracy; together with a few "remarks on the nature of animal magnetiſm;—all tending to explain how the "apoſtacy of a *great* Uncle in the city "of Hudſon, can turn a *little* nephew topſy-turvy in the county of Chenango, is "received. I ſhall not publiſh it while "this limb of the law reſts eaſy—But a little more growling about the Waſp from "him, will bring out the whole ſtory." We have received from another correſpondent, who appears to be a lawyer, a queſtion addreſſed to one miſter Mitchell, "requeſting his opinion upon the conſtruction of the ſtatute againſt Bigamy. Alſo, a ſhort account of an aggravated inſtance of ſeduction, addreſſed to the peculiar and at-

tentive conſideration of miſter Mitchell." My correſpondent is informed, that this muſt likewiſe lay awhile upon my table. Mitchell is now ſquirming in the iron graſp, and ſmarting under the well timed laſhes of the editor of the Poughkeepſie Journal. When he has a little recovered, I will again take him in hand, and if I do not "laſh the raſcal naked through the world," it will not be for want of power or materials, but merely from motives of compaſſion. —So much for Mitchell's threatenings, and Holt's bluſtering. By the by, Holt, what do you mean by "the little thing," &c.—Have you yet to learn that "the mind's the meaſure of the man." And though the *Waſp* does not poſſeſs quite ſo formidable a ſurface as your drone, ſtill "Sir Pious" will tell you, that it has a confounded ſharp ſting. It has other qualities too, which renders it far your ſuperior; juſt as far as the freeman is ſuperior to the ſlave. The Waſp has never ſold itſelf to a junto, for thirty pieces of ſilver. It has never bartered its conſcience "for ſo much traſh as may be graſped thus." It has not become the ſervile vehicle of falſhood and corruption. Can you ſay as much of your ſleepy drone? No, ſir, your ſilence under theſe charges is evincive of your guilt. You dare not deny them; I would at once convict you of falſhood, and hang you up to the public as a warning for your comrades.

R. RUSTICOAT.

I WONDER what Duane, and Cheetham, and their under-ſtrapper editors about the country, mean by throwing their *ſlang* with ſuch profuſion at Callender—as if he was not as good, and as much entitled to credit as themſelves. Callender has one thing to boaſt of——nobody *knows* that he left his own country to ſave his neck from the gallows, or his ears from the pillory—and nobody has ſeen fit to accuſe him ſince his arrival here, of ſtealing, breaking open, and publiſhing private letters.—But Cheetham and Duane are not ſo fortunate—the former widowed aBritiſh gibbet by running away—and the latter, it is ſaid, ſhudders at the ſight of a whipping poſt or a gallows—they have, between them, ſince their arrival here, ſtolen, and broken open, and publiſhed private letters.——Mitchell knows what *he* left Stratford for.——But hold—the very name of a democratic printer, is enough to make an *honeſt* man ſigh for the depravity of human nature.

FOR THE WASP.

Mr. Jefferson promised to "restore harmony to social intercourse;" that is, the unhappy opposition between federalists and democrats would be healed. And to effect this, he reprobated the former as a "Sect," and turned the best men among them out of office. What a peace-maker! So far however from reconciling the federal and jacobin parties, he can not even keep his own party together. For in one twelve-month after his election, we have seen his own gentry ready to cut each others throats—challenging, fighting, and carrying on as if the very devil was in them. What a peace maker! It would be productive of national tranquility indeed, if the people, when they come a little to themselves should brush off this man Thomas, and his whole unruly retinue of office hunters, at once. These fellows will never suffer us to be quiet as long as one of them has an office which another *wants* to have. For this they slandered the federalists, and for this they stand ready to destroy each other. The very picture of French patriotism! we know not our Buonaparte yet. But have him we must, if the people will suffer a set of knaves to agitate them.

"THE HARMONY OF SOCIAL INTERCOURSE."

A NEW SONG.

ALAS and alack! have you heard of the fray—
The shooting and fighting at 'York to'ther day?
How Clinton was challeng'd to go out of town,
That Swartwout might bring the great council-man down.
Down, down, Clinton, down.

It seems that Dewitt, of his life was so fond,
He pray'd and he begg'd almost down to the ground,
But John was determin'd, with passion so blown,
To bring Dewitt Clinton, the council-man down.
Down, down, Clinton, down.

But nought would avail, and afraid of of the mob,
He ventur'd, at last on the murdersome job;
Yet still he kept begging, in pitiful moan,
So terrible 'fraid was the dog to come down.
Down, down, Clinton, down.

To Riker, his friend, he sincerely declar'd,
Old Soldiers to ruin he never had fear'd:
The blame on his uncle was easily thrown—
His courage was great then—but now it sunk down.
Down, down, quite low down.

The battle began, and the work it prov'd hot——
And Dewitt shot and begg'd, and he begg'd and he shot.
Such curious manoeuvres sure never were known;
And the reason is this:—he fear'd to come down.
Down, down, Clinton, down.

His jacket was ripp'd by an impudent ball—
A wound in his coat seem'd to threaten his fall;
The Senator then looking frightful at John,
Declar'd no more risque he'd run to come down.
Down, down, Clinton, down.

To give satisfaction, 'tis said that he came,
And did it, by making his enemy lame;
And then, like a christian, so meek, left the ground,
While Swartwout was wond'ring he hadn't come down.
Down, down, Clinton, down.

The friends of the people no longer unite;
But they fret and they scold, and they challenge and fight:
So, by all men of sense, 'tis very well known,
A house thus divided must soon tumble down.
Down, down, demos, down.

They prais'd up each other a twelve-month ago,
They lied and they conquer'd, and all was *buzza!*
The fishes and loaves now distributed round,
The next thing they seek is, to pull themselves down.
Down, down, lyars, down.

But virtue will tow'r on the quarrels of vice—
The *Sun* of the East shall continue to rise—
Dispel the dark clouds th' horizon around,
And bring the rude quarrelsome faction all down.
Down, down, faction down.

Then Cheetham, Duane, and the whole *foreign* band,
Who harpy-like, feed on the fat of our land,
Shall leave to Columbians the care of their own,
And Swiss Gallatin shall himself be brought down.
Down, Gallatin, down
SIMON SLEEKJACKET.

FOR THE WASP.

FROM HEAD-QUARTERS.

O'ERWHELM'D with disappointment, shame and grief,
Old Captain SATAN, long the faithful Chief
Of Democrats on earth as well as hell;
Cast o'er his sinking cause a sad survey,
Dash'd from his hand th' *inaugural speech* away,
Then into rage and bitter ravings fell:

" Zounds! thus it always fares!—the brainless fools!
" In spite of all my lessons—all my rules!—
" I'm at the point the scoundrels to disown—
" Thus, lovingly, a bold, advent'rous band
" Shall seize upon the treasure, hand in hand—
" Come to divide, they'll quarrel for a bone.

" My patience fails!—See how the rascals trim!
" Lo, CALLENDER!—who would have thought of him?
" Now plucking feathers from his *Patron's* nest;
" Next WOOD must play the fool, and "*write a book*"—
" Better the cause, they'd never undertook;
" Or had the dogs been *Tyburn'd*, still the best.

" But what are these to yonder cursed split
" Between the B-RRITES and my dear D-WITT!—
" Lo! pamphlets, squibs, and duels!—What a shame!
" Why, damme, was't for this—the loggerheads!—
" I set them up in triumph o'er the *Feds*;
" Working the cards to give them *Low, Jack, Game?*—

" Methought the thing was going to my mind;
" *One year* had pass'd as I myself enjoin'd;
" And meagre *merit* hung the sickly head;
" Knaves look'd abroad, and boldly seiz'd the helm,
" Falshood was "*quick in market*" through the realm,
" Truth wrapp'd in clouds, and fed'ralism in shade.

" Methought at length the victory was mine,
" The democrats were brought to discipline,
" And *Union* seem'd the order of the day:
" PAINE was in *France*, and seem'd to spare the quill,
" Ev'n ABRAM BISHOP promis'd to be still,
" And all our prospects in a hopeful way.—

" Now, curse me, if the cause is worth a *sous!*—
" I've half a mind to bid it here adieu;
" Perhaps, without me, they would find the odds—
" 'Twere not impossible they make a shift;
" There's many scoundrels yet to give a lift;
" And let them call upon their "*Twenty Gods.*"

FOR THE WASP.

Solution of A STRING OF REBUSSES, which appeared in *the Wasp*, No. 5.

☞ FRIEND BOB,

I shall not attempt this solution in rhyme, because I fear I should make as bad work of it, as did the writers of the Rebuses themselves. TIM. TWIST.

No. 1.—The whole *virtue* that a Wasp produces is precisely—*none at all*;—and *exactly* so much "*dwells in a democrat's mind.*"

No. 2.—GALLOWS—"which each jacobin fears" in good earnest.

No. 3.—HONESTY—which "meets with the demo's abuse," every body knows.

PRINTED AT THE BALANCE-OFFICE,

BY HARRY CROSWELL,

FOR THE EDITOR.